

"you're not a knight in shining armor [...] we still love you no matter what" by Pixueta

Series: [Stenbrough in pills; or a small peek in their lives. \[2\]](#)

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Summary:

[takes place in IT Chapter One]

«Shu-shut up! They do cuh-cuh-cuh-care about m-me!»

[...]

“They care? You save everyone, Billy, but who saves you?” the clown was straight out mocking him, and he felt hot tears stream down his face.

**"you're not a knight in shining armor [...] we still love
you no matter what"**

Author's Note:

Hello~! I'm back with another short Stenbrough,
and honestly? Don't know where this one came from!
It was a spur of the moment kinda thing. Hope you
guys like it!

Bill looked at himself in the mirror, hating the broken look he was
giving himself – slammed his fist on the bathroom sink and gritted
his teeth in annoyance.

«W-wuh-wuh-why do I feel luh-luh-like this?» he was violently
stuttering as hot tears streamed down his face, something he wasn't
accustomed to: he was supposed to be the Losers' leader, someone
they could rely on, not a freak that hid away in the toilet because he
needed to cry.

*“Look at you, Golden Boy” Pennywise's voice was sharp and deathly
like the snarl of a wolf ready to attack, to prey on its victim “so
vulnerable, so weak. What would Georgie think of you?”*

Bill looked at his reflection and hated himself because he couldn't
save his brother and he couldn't kill this clown and he was actually
crying.

How did it feel to George to have his arm ripped out of his body?

Did he feel abandoned, or betrayed?

Was it cold down there, in the sewers?

*“I almost pity you, coward” the voice was back in his head and Bill
wanted to rip his hair out of his head “I pity your fake leadership. You
couldn't protect your own brother, you want to protect all seven of your
friends? Ha! As if they even cared about you.”*

«Shu-shut up! They do cuh-cuh-cuh-care about m-me!» Bill spat, punching the mirror and feeling how those little shards of glass stuck in his palms.

I deserve this, a small part of him felt delighted by the pain, **this is not even a third of the pain George must have felt**.

“They care? You save everyone, Billy, but who saves you?” the clown was straight out mocking him, and he felt hot tears stream down his face. He punched the wall over and over again with his unharmed hand until it turned dangerously purple and he almost lost sensitivity.

«What the fuck! Bill, stop!» Stanley barreled into the bathroom as he kept hitting the wall, and held his wrists in his hands «What are you doing?»

Bill sobbed as he rested his head on Stanley's shoulder, shaking with sadness and desperation. He felt his arms wrap around him and hold him tightly, whispering sweet nothings in his ear to calm him down.

«Billy?» Eddie's voice brought him back into reality, and he looked up to see the Losers standing in the doorway with different levels of anxiety written on their faces; even Richie was silent.

«What did you do to your hand?» the asthmatic inspected his hand immediately, and Stanley sighed as he gently pushed Eddie away.

«I can do this» he told the others, nervously biting on his lower lip «you guys go home, okay? I'll take care of him and phone you later.» Everyone reluctantly left, and the two were left alone.

Bill sat on the bathroom counter as Stanley got a pair of tweezers, disinfectant and a gauze out of the medicine cabinet.

He worked in silence, his graceful thin hands so delicate he almost didn't feel them touching him, and his brows furrowed in

concentration.

As he hissed when the disinfectant hit him, Stanley shot him a quick glance «That's what you get for doing stupid shit like this», though he eased the pressure a little.

«It was Puh-Puh-Pennywise» Bill blurted out, and his friend froze for a fraction of second «he w-was in m-m-my head, telling me I-I-I – shit! Telling me I cuh-can't save you all, since I cuh-cuh-couldn't save Georgie. That I'm a-a-alone.»

«I don't know about saving all of us» Stanley admitted, wrapping the gauze around his wounds «you're not a knight in shining armor, Bill, even if we look up to you as if you were, sometimes. You are kid just like us, and you're trying your best. We still love you no matter what».

«Now about the alone part...» he took the other hand, an ugly shade of purple, spread some pain relief ointment on it and didn't let go when he finished, only pulling him closer «you won't ever be alone – *ever*. I'm right here, and I won't leave you.»

That evening, in Bill's bathroom, they shared a soft kiss and silently decided there was no need for words or explanation – in that moment, all that mattered was that they had each other.